# Lawrence Democrat.

"CRY ALOUD AND SPARE NOT."

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## A WIFE "OF THE PERIOD."

"Oh! would I could live where there's nothing to do—
Nothing like working the whole year through!
No cooking to manage, no dishes to wash,
No children to see to, and all that bosh.

"No sweeping, no dusting, no making of beds,
No mending of garments all worn into shreds;
No darning old stockings, no knitting of new
Such work is just horrid, the catalogue, through.

"I would banish all washing and ironing days,
Their suds-reeking air and their steam-chilling haze
With scrubbing and churning and baking of bread
I'd have nothing to do—I would rather be dead.

"It can't be my duty, I'm sure it is not,
Contentment to feel with so hateful a lot;
With face that is comely and hands that are white,
To shine in society—that is my right.

"Instead of this drudging my time should be free,
Just to 'dress' and 'go out,' to be seen and to see;
To play the piano, late novels to read.
Ah! that is the life for a lady to lead.

"Poor fool that I was when I married for love,
Prizing husband and home other pleasures above;
I now know that wealth must accompany these
If a lady, who marries, would live at her ease.

"Next time when I marry—it may come some day
When this dear, good old husband gets out of the way—
I must know there is money enough and to spare
To save me this horrible housekeeping care."
—J. L. Daymude, in Yankee Blade.

## AT THE PATENT OFFICE.

### Perpetual Motion Cranks are Numerous Among the Visitors.

A few weeks ago a white-headed, gray-bearded old man appeared at the front-door of the White House, with a little pine box under his arm. He approached Colonel Dinsmore, the giant-like guard who presides over the vestibule, and asked to see the President.

"What is your name and what do you want to see him for?" asked the Colonel.

Whereupon the old man, pointing to his box, said that he had discovered the secret of perpetual motion, and he wanted to show it to President Harrison. Colonel Dinsmore told him that he had better take his invention to the Patent Office, and the old man started off down Pennsylvania avenue.

It is estimated that at least ten thousand American citizens are experimenting to-day upon a plan of producing perpetual motion. These ten thousand are scattered throughout the United States, and several of them find their way, each week, to the Patent Office at Washington. Some of them are insane, others are full of common sense on every other subject but this, and all are disgusted when they find that the Patent Office demands a working-model of their machines. Such a model has never been produced, and, however attractive the scheme may appear on paper, all such invention must necessarily fail when they come to this test.

Not long ago an Associated Press dispatch was published in nearly every daily newspaper in the United States stating that an Ohio man had at last produced such an invention, and a few weeks ago a furniture-carver in Baltimore claimed he had made the discovery. His machine was a set of almost perfectly-balanced weights connected with a leaden ball which, rolling up one gutter and down another, produced a power which operated the machine for a time, but which was, of course, lost as soon as friction began to act upon it. His idea he considered new, but it is the same that one of the Brahmins of India conceived three thousand years ago and described in the Vedas. It is much the same as that of an Italian inventor who in 1678 had a hollow wheel with weights attached to it, which fell down as the wheel passed a central point and were expected to close up to the wheel as it went on around, thus apparently making the weight on the descending side of the wheel greatly exceed that on the ascending. The Marquis of Worcester, who had much to do with inventing a steam engine, got up a hollow wheel fitted with cannon balls and having curbed spouts. The idea was that the balls would run to the rim of the wheel on the falling side, set it in motion and then run back to the center as it turned on. A practical model, however, showed that the greater part of the balls soon got to the outer edge of the wheel, and the motion stopped.

About a hundred years ago, a Connecticut Yankee, named Harris Ransom, asked the General Assembly of that State for a monopoly of his discovery of the "art or mystery of making perpetual motion of water, whereby he is able and can raise the water from any river, pond, spring or fountain to the height of thirty feet perpendicular, and convey the same to any parks of any towns or cities, or return the same to the original fountain or head, which said performance will be of great advantage, not only to the petitioner, but to the public in general, by affording them at all times good and wholesome water at a very trifling expense."

Eight men signed this petition, but as there is no perpetual water-machine running to-day, it is evident that Ransom made nothing out of it.

Three years before the Declaration of Independence, John Shipman applied for a patent on mills to be run by the ebb and flow of the tide, and got a monopoly for forty years to run his tide-mills anywhere in the town of Saybrook. Benjamin Hauks, of Litchfield, Conn., claimed that he had invented a clock that wound itself up with the motion of the air, and that would continue to do so without any other aid or assistance until its parts were worn out. This was generations ago, and if an air-clock ever existed, we find no record of it to-day. A Mr. Jennings, of New York, has constructed more than ninety models worked on more than sixty different principles in his attempts to invent perpetual motion. He has been working on it for thirty-one years, has spent forty thousand dollars, and now thinks he has succeeded. He has not, however, patented his invention, and the leading examiner of the motor section of the Patent Office believes that there is no danger that he ever will.

"We have," said the examiner, "hundreds of applications for patents, but these are based on descriptions and specifications, and not on working-machines. In more than two decades we have not received any thing like a model of perpetual motion inventions. Once I remember a German brought a bag containing some wheels and bits of tin fastened together with strings. He had no doubt that it would work, because he had dreamed for five nights in succession that it would, and as he had no money to pay for his patent, he was sent away sorrowful. At another time, an attorney brought in a couple of levers and the picture of a machine of which these were a part, which machine, he said, was actually working in New York, and he asked us to grant a patent on the levers. He was told he must give a perfect working model, and we have never heard from him since then. The application for perpetual motion patents are so many that the department has gotten up a blank which is filled out for all such applicants. On many other things a working model is not required, and we grant the patent on designs and drawings. To the perpetual motion cranks we send back the money which they forward with their application, with one of these blanks, which reads as follows:

"SIR—Your ——, an alleged perpetual motion, has been received with the fee therefor.

"'Before entering said —— on the books of the office, it is thought proper to advise you, in order to save you further expense and labor, that the views of the office coincide with those of scientists in general, in regard to mechanical perpetual motions—that they are impossibilities. Should your —— be —— the first official action would be the requirement of a working model ——, the office being aware that it will be impossible for you to comply with this requirement.

"'For the reasons given you, —— and the accompanying fee are herewith returned.

"'If, notwithstanding this notice, you still desire your —— and the fee to be accepted by the office, you may return them and they will be retained. Very respectfully,

"'CHARLES E. MITCHELL,
"'Commissioner of Patents.'"

It will be seen from this that the Patent Office promptly advises all applicants for perpetual motion patents that there is no hope of their success, and that they will only accept their application and money if they insist upon it. Many of the would-be patentees get very angry at this notice. They return the money and insist upon the patent, but they do not get so far as to make the working model required. The Patent Office does not wish to make money out of enthusiasts. It is run on a common-sense, business basis, and it is the best-paying bureau in Uncle Sam's great governmental machine. It is one of the few departments that bring in more every year than they pay out, and it has a balance in the Treasury to its credit of more than three and one-half million dollars. It made, last year, one hundred and eighty-six thousand dollars more than it spent, and it granted, during that time, more than twenty-one thousand patents. Its officers embrace some of the most skilled thinkers of the country, and it is a big machine, run on business principles, in the interest of the people.—Frank G. Carpenter, in N. Y. Ledger.

## FLATTERING A POET.

### An Experiment Attended by Very Questionable Success.

Not long ago a poet was staying at a seaside hotel, where he attracted some attention as a celebrity. Among the guests was a woman who wished her daughter to seem on intimate terms with literature, and, as far as possible, with literary people. Accordingly she set the girl at work to learn one of the poet's shorter pieces—which might have been a clever move to gain her point, but the effect of it was somewhat injured by the daughter's carelessness and ignorance.

On the same page with the poem in question—in a book of selections—was one by another and more famous writer, and the girl made the mistake of committing this instead of the one which her mother had intended.

At the first opportunity the young lady said to the poet in the presence of several of the guests:

"It is such a delight to meet one whose lines I have carried in my mind for years! The poem which I love better than any other in the world is one of yours."

"Indeed!" answered the smiling poet. "I had not flattered myself that I had written any thing worthy of such honor. What is it?"

With an affected emphasis the girl repeated the poem she had learned, the company, of course, remaining silent till she had finished.

"It is lovely!" murmured one of the guests, who did not recognize it.

"Yes," said the poet. "It is so good that I can only regret that Wordsworth should have taken the liberty of writing it before I was born. Otherwise I should undoubtedly have written it myself."

The best of good breeding could not altogether repress the smiles of the by-standers, and the poor girl, suddenly remembering that her mother needed her, disappeared with much celerity.

"It is a pity," the poet said, mildly, when she was out of hearing, "it is a pity that people can not understand that we writers, vain though we may be, are not so blinded by vanity as to be unable to tell genuine admiration from the poorest of make-believe."—Youth's Companion.

### Vitality of the Snail.

The snail is blessed with very great powers of vitality. A case is recorded of an Egyptian desert snail which came to life upon being immersed in warm water after it had passed four years glued to a card in the British Museum. Some specimens in the collection of a naturalist revived after they had apparently been dead for fifteen years, and snails frozen for weeks together in solid blocks of ice have recovered on being thawed out. The eggs of this creature are as hard to destroy as himself. They seem perfectly indifferent to freezing, and have been known to prove productive after having been shrivelled up in an oven to the semblance of grains of sand.—Longman's Magazine.

## STORIES OF SPARROWS.

### Queer Things Seen by a Close Observer of the Pugnacious Birds.

A correspondent of the Listener, who writes from Jamaica Plain, is a close observer of the sparrow. "A week or two since," he writes, "as I was passing through Burrough street, my attention was attracted by loud cries of 'caw! caw!, and I saw wheeling and turning in the air two crows, who were followed or chased by two sparrows. The sparrows were evidently trying to reach and alight on the backs of the crows. The cries of the crows soon brought others who joined in the fight, all wheeling, ducking, rising and turning together, the sparrows continuing the chase notwithstanding the increasing numbers. By this time there was eight or ten crows in the fight all siding in the outcries. It was evident, however, that the sparrows could not sustain the fight. They were falling behind; and if one of the other crows came nearer than the one they were chasing, they left the first and endeavored to alight on the nearest. At this time a loud caw was heard from a magnificent crow high in the air coming from the South, who joined the others. But the contest had ceased, the sparrows had given up the chase. The crows gathered themselves together, and, under the lead of the last comer, departed in a southerly direction, fifteen in number. The sparrows are charged with fighting and chasing away our native birds. This is the first instance I have seen of it, and it certainly showed great pluck on the part of the sparrows.

Too much pluck, perhaps, considering its results. The sparrows certainly do drive away other birds—and then they do not eat the insects that the other birds would have eaten, unless they can't get any thing to eat around the houses and streets. It is also provable that English sparrows eat caterpillars. It is also provable that hens eat shoestrings; but they will not eat them if some body will feed them better food.

The same correspondent tells this story: "Two or three years ago the sparrows had troubled me by building their nests on top of the conductors, under the eaves of the house. I accordingly caused their nests to be removed, and covered the places with wire netting to prevent farther access to them. Some little time after I noticed an apparently continuous flight of sparrows to one of these covered places. On examination I found two sparrows imprisoned therein, and the outside sparrows busy bringing them food. It seemed the wire netting had not been closed at the bottom, and these birds, having gone inside, did not know how to release themselves, and but for the aid of their fellows would have been starved to death. I set them at liberty and closed the aperture, since which I have not been troubled by their nests. How long these birds had been fed by the outsiders I know not; apparently they had been imprisoned several days, if not weeks."—Boston Transcript.

## PLENTY OF BLANKETS.

### The Inexhaustible Supply of Bed-Clothing Held by a Steward.

"Unexpectedly I found myself forced to run over to Boston," said a man the other day. "It was so warm and disagreeable that I determined to go by boat, although I knew that I would be unable to get a state-room. I fancied that I should enjoy sitting up until late, when I could get a little nap in one of the seats in the cabins. But when the sun was down I found it cold on the water and was driven into the cabin from the deck. By eleven o'clock I was so sleepy that I could not hold my head up. The fresh wind outside, followed by the warmth of the cabin, acted like an opiate on me.

"I hunted up one of the under stewards and asked him if he could not arrange for me one of those mattresses which I saw, as he had done for others. Oh, yes, they were there for any one who wanted them.

"'But,' I said, 'I can't sleep on one of those things as they are. Can't you get me a sheet and a blanket?'

"'I don't know,' he answered doubtfully.

"But he did know when I slipped a dollar into his hand, for in a short time he came back and made a bed for me. I dropped off to sleep at once and was only awakened by feeling my blanket roughly jerked off me. Sitting up in my improvised bed I saw the retreating form of my steward carrying the blanket. He went up to a man, made a bed for him, took a dollar and started off.

"'See here,' I cried, indignantly, 'what do you mean by stealing my blanket?'

"'Oh,' he said, 'did you want it?'

"'Of course I wanted it; didn't I pay you for the use of it?'

"'Well,' he answered, coolly, 'it's so warm I didn't suppose you cared about it.'

"'I do, it's cold now.'

"'Oh,' he said, easily, 'there are plenty more of them. I'll get you another.'

"He walked up to a sleeping man, deftly pulled his blanket from him and brought it to me.

"'There,' he said, 'if you want another I'll get it for you. There are plenty of them.'

"I tucked myself in carefully this time to save being robbed again, and turning over went off for a second sleep."—N. Y. Tribune.

### Getting Around the Superstition.

"Mercy!" cried the chaperone.

"What's the matter?" returned the young people.

"There are thirteen at this table."

"That's all right," said Miss Flyaway, "Mr. Hinkey and I eloped and were secretly married last week. That shrinks us to twelve."—The Jury.

### Taken at His Word.

A peasent is shown into the surgery. The doctor examines his tongue and winds up his examination by saying:

"Have you got a good appetite, my man?"

"Oh? ay, sir, do you happen to have anything handy?"—Berlin Zeitung.

—There are always 3,500,000 people on the seas of the world.

## EVENING UP THINGS.

### How a Drummer Resented a Hotel-Keeper's Rapacity.

I had a room next to a commercial traveler in a St. Louis hotel, and when both of us were packing up to go, after a stay of three or four days, I heard a sudden crash in his room and went in to ascertain the cause. He had the lounge on its back and had broken off a leg.

"You see," he explained, in an answer to my look of inquiry, "I am getting even with the house."

"How do you mean?"

"Sit down, my dear fellow," he continued, as he reached up and cracked one of the gas globes with the door key. "Let us theorize a bit. The object of a hotel is to furnish a temporary home for a man away from his own. The idea is to feed and lodge him and make him comfortable for a money consideration. The rate here is four dollars per day. Did you fee the porter for bringing up your trunk?"

"Yes."

"So did I. That was sheer blackmail. Did you fee your waiter?"

"Yes."

"So did I. We had to, or one wouldn't been half waited on. That's more blackmail. How was the gas in your room?"

"Very poor."

"Exactly. It is turned off so that no one can get half a light. That's a fraud on the guests. Did you drink at the bar?"

"A glass of beer."

"And they charged you ten cents, and the glass was only a pony. They made fully 700 per cent. profit on that beer. That is extortion. Did you have ice-water at night?"

"Yes, two or three times."

"And you gave the bell boy a dime each time. You felt that you had to. He felt that you ought to and stood waiting for it. That was more extortion. Did the mosquitoes bother you any?"

"Yes, nearly ate me up."

"An why not? There's not a screen of any sort at any window in the whole house. In other words, the landlord hasn't the slightest care for your comfort. He won't go to the least cost or trouble to give you a good night's sleep. Buy any cigars in the hotel?"

"Yes."

"Well, they made from 150 to 200 per cent. on them. Have any laundry?"

"Yes."

"Well they charged you from 75 to 100 per cent. above outside prices. Perhaps you had a coupe?"

"Yes."

"Ordered it through the office probably?"

"Yes."

"Well, you paid from 25 to 50 per cent. above regular outside rates. A man took your hat at the dining-room door. He is stationed there to bleed the public, and he bled you. If you got shaved, you paid twenty-five per cent. over outside rates. Same if you got a shine on your shoes. As a matter of fact, you have been blackmailed and robbed from basement to top story. Now, then, how are you going to get even?"

"I don't know."

"Then learn. I have broken a leg off that lounge. The fact won't be discovered for a week or two. No one can say I broke this globe. I take this bottle of ink and pour it on the carpet and move the bureau along. With my knife I rip a slit in this mattress. It's on the under side, and won't be seen for a month. I take this paper and crowd it into the overflow pipe of the wash-stand and three or four days hence they will have to call a plumber. Now, with my knife I crack two of the upper panes of this window. The pieces will work loose before snow flies. I rack these bureau drawers so and so, and shut them up, and that will give the carpenter a job. That's all, I guess, and I'll leave it to any fair-minded man if I have more than evened up accounts."—N. Y. Sun.

## IDENTIFIED AT LAST.

### How Salinday Link Renewed Her Acquaintance With Hen Smith.

"You'll have to be identified, before I can cash this check for you, madam," said the pompous cashier of a down town bank to a tall, leathery, hook-nosed woman in a green and red and blue dress and before the war bonnet, who presented herself at his window one afternoon, when the rush of business was greatest.

"I-dentified? what's that? asked the woman.

"Why, that you'll have to bring some one here who knows you to be the person named on this check."

"Well, I—I—why—I—No, it cayn't be! yes, it is too. Ain't you Henry Smith?"

"That is my name, madam," he replied coldly.

"I knowed it, and you don't reckomember me, Hen. Look at me agin. I'm changed some, an' so air you, but I jist knowed I'd seen you afore the minnit I clapt eyes on ye. You've got that same old cast in your left eye and nose still crooks a little to the left and you're a Smith all over. And you don't know me? Don't reckomember Salindy Spratt that you useter coax to become Salindy Smith. Hee, hee, hee! 'Member me now, don't yer, Hen? 'Member how ye useter haul me to school on your sled an' kiss me in the lane an' call me your little true love when we wuz boy an' gal together? 'Member how you cut up 'cause I give ye the mitten an' tok up with Li Link whose wife I now be? Land, Hen, I could stand here all day talkin' over them old times back on the farm but I reckon you're busy now. You kin identify me now, can you, Hen?'

"Hen" did so, but in a mood that almost produced apoplexy, and those who witnessed the re-union of these long separated friends wondered that "Hen's" glance of identification did not strike Salindy Spratt Link dead.—Drake's Magazine.

### Not Altogether Inappropriate.

"No, Mr. Ferguson," she said kindly but firmly, "I can not be your wife. I am sorry to be the means of inflicting—is it possible, Mr. Ferguson, that you can so far forget yourself, the occasion and my presence, as to—whistle!"

"I was whistling the tune of 'Dennis,' said the young man bitterly.—Chicago Tribune.

## FISHES AS FATHERS.

### Dutiful Husbands of the Finny Tribe Who Rear Their Offspring.

If you want a perfect model of domestic virtue, where can you find it in higher perfection than in that exemplary and devoted father, the common great pipe-fish of the North Atlantic and the British Seas? The high-principled lophobranch is so careful of his callow and helpless young that he carries about the unhatched eggs with him under his own tail, in what scientific ichthyologists pleasantly describe as a sub-caudal pouch or cutaneous receptacle.

There they hatch out in perfect security, free from the dangers that beset the spawn and fry of so many other less tender-hearted kinds; and as soon as the little pipe-fish are big enough to look after themselves the sac divides spontaneously down the middle, and allows them to escape, to shift for themselves in the broad Atlantic. Even so, however, the janitors take care always to keep tolerably near that friendly shelter, and creep back into it again on any threat of danger, exactly as baby kangaroos do into their mother's marsupium.

The father-fish, in fact, has gone the trouble and expense of developing out of his own tissues a membraneous bag on purpose to hold the eggs and young during the first stages of the embryonic evolution. This bag is formed by two folds of the skin, one of which grows out from each side of the body, the free margins being firmly glued together in the middle by a natural exudation while the eggs are undergoing incubation, but opening once more in the middle to let the little fish out as soon as the process of hatching is fairly finished.

So curious a provision for the safety of the young in the pipe-fish may be compared to some extent with the pouch in which kangaroos and other marsupial animals carry their cubs after birth till they have attained an age of complete independence. But the strangest part of it all is the fact that while in the kangaroo it is the mother who owns the pouch and takes care of the young, in the pipe-fish it is the father, on the contrary, who thus specially provides for the safety of his defenseless offspring. This topsy-turvy arrangement is the common rule throughout the class of fishes.

There is a paternally-minded group of catfish known as the genus Arius, of Ceylon, Australia, and other tropical parts, the males of which carry about the ova loose in their mouths, or rather in an enlargement of the pharynx somewhat resembling the pelican's pouch; and the spouses of these very devoted sires lay accordingly only very few ova, all told, but each almost as big as a hedge-sparrow's egg—a wonderful contrast to the tiny mites of the cod-fish.

A fresh-water species of the sea of Galilee, Chromis Andreæ by name (dedicated by science to the memory of that fisherman apostle, St. Andrew, who must often have netted them), has the same habit of hatching out its young in its own gullet. Here again it is the male fish upon whom this apparently maternal duty devolves, just as it is the male cassowary that sits upon the eggs of his unnatural mate, and the male emu that tends the nest, while the hen bird looks on superciliously and contents herself with exercising a general friendly supervision of the nursery department. In most fish families the eggs are fertilized after they have been laid, instead of before, which, no doubt, accounts for the seeming anomaly.—N. Y. Journal.

## AN EMPHATIC PROTEST.

### What a Bright Woman Thinks of Modern Society Dress.

"O women! queens of life! bestir your hearts. Rouse your dull perceptions of the monstrous things you do and suffer to be done. Call the fact by its right name. Blush for it and abhor it, for it is abhorrent. So long as you take your fashions from the demi-monde, wherein are ye better than these? * * * Between the ballet girl who dances for bread, and the society girl who dresses as she does for a title or fortune, there is a moral gap to be sure; but for one I would take my chances with the ballet-girl if I had to face the social standards of another life with either record behind me. Does the lady returning from the theater for her late cognac and champagne think that she can sit with her body half exposed in the uncurtained window of the cafe, before which men and women of the street stand gazing, and count herself the moral superior of that other woman looking in? Tell us, my lady, if you can, when you exhibit yourself for promiscuous surf-bathing, before a thousand spectators, in a bathing costume which stops—where it does—how much more modest are you than the circus dancer, or the mermaid in the ten cent variety show? Let us have done with playing about the fire, and call a low thing low, and out with it. An immodest dress does not cover a modest woman. If your costume is loose and vulgar, you can blame no voice or pen which calls you loose and vulgar, too. If the dress is disgraceful the wearer is disgraced. The woman who dresses indecently—never mind who, never mind where, never mind why—is indecent. The woman who dresses without shame is shameless. By their robes we shall know them."—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward.

—A sound, healthy person takes no harm from a slight chill, and if in the late summer and in autumn we accustom ourselves to cool rooms and but a moderate amount of clothing, we are so much the better prepared for winter. The matter is, of course, especially important to merchants, lawyers and others who spend most of the day in offices. I have seen learned counselors panic-stricken by the raising of a window, and I understand that some judges would probably fine for contempt of court any body who should introduce a current of pure air within their jurisdiction. No wonder that litigation thrives in a bad atmosphere.—Boston Post.

## CARE OF GLASS-WARE.

### How to Wash Table Glass, Mirrors and Glass Over Pictures.

Since it is the fashion to use a great deal of glass on the table, the care of it is a matter of some importance to the housekeeper. Cut glass comes in all sorts of shapes and patterns, from the simplest to the most elaborate conceivable, and the designs are cleverly imitated in pressed glass; in some cases so perfectly as to deceive one at the first glance.

Cut glass is valued according to the depth of the cutting, so that for the finest kinds of ware the glass must be made thick. The thicker it is and the deeper the cutting the more easily will breaks occur; therefore, for common use such kinds as thin and only slightly cut are by far the best.

In buying pressed glass it is better to select a clear kind of good shape than an imitation of a fine piece. The plain glass can be kept clean more easily and will not break so readily as the imitation.

If a glass is scratched by any hard

water are used.—Housewife.

## DRESSING THE HAIR.

### Simple and Suitable Coiffeures Are Now the Most Popular.

According to the New York Sun the present styles of hair-dressing incline to greater simplicity and more apparent naturalness. Some of the graceful and becoming modes now in vogue find their exact counterparts in the fashions prevalent among ancient Roman and Grecian dames. During the period when physical culture reached the highest point of perfection hair-dressing was of the simplest and preserved the contour of the head as near as possible. Artificial hair was not then in high favor, although the Egyptian women, who were compelled by custom to have their heads shaved, substituted for their natural tresses wigs elaborately curled and braided. The color most prized for these was a coppery reddish hue much like that now in demand. In selecting a coiffure one's own personality should be taken into account. A pallid, slender girl would not choose locks in which a suspicion of red could be detected. But a woman with eyes of changeable bluish green, a massive chin set on a throat like an ivory pillar, strongly accentuated eyebrows, and a virile grace of movement may safely change her unobtrusive brown braids to the most glowing copper bronze or golden red and be a gainer thereby. Three puffs irregularly arranged from the end of the hair that is twisted on top of the head are becoming easily arranged without the assistance of a hair-dresser and seem especially suited to brown or black dresses, which on passant need greater richness of arrangement than blonde or silvery hair. Crepe of fluffy effects are best adapted to a blonde or golden hair, while the pompadour roll is the most dignified and stately fashion yet invented for gray hair. Crimped or waved hair, introduced by Lady Brooke, although apparently easy to arrange, is in reality difficult, for the waves must be uniform, and this effect can only be procured by an experienced maid or hair-dresser.

### Hot Water Always Ready.

The boiling lakes of the Sierra Nevadas are a great source of interest to travelers West. About one hundred miles north of Oroville, at the foot of old Lassen, there is a boiling lake covering several acres. The depth of the lake is unknown, but its entire surface constantly boils like a huge kettle. It would scald the skin from the fingers in a very few seconds, and would boil an egg in four minutes. The smell of sulphur pervaded the atmosphere about the lake, and around its borders something like sulphur could be scraped up in handfuls. This lake is near Hot Spring Valley, at the base of Mount Lassen. Between it and the mountain there are, perhaps, a thousand, boiling, bubbling, hot springs, and in tramping about these springs the soles of a person's shoes become uncomfortably warm.—N. Y. Star.

### None of Them Got Left.

"How do you enjoy your new house?"

"Oh, immensely; my wife's perfectly satisfied with it."

"By the way, what style is it?"

"Anne's, my wife's, thirty-five closets ten bay windows, five verandas."

"What's the rest of it like?"

"Oh, the rest of it's not worth mentioning."—Detroit Free Press.

### Cheap Country Board.

Wickwire—How yellow you are, Yabsley! There must have been some malaria where you spent your vacation.

Yabsley—No; just plain chills and fever. You don't expect a man to get malaria for seven dollars a week, do you?—Puck.

## RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Oil City has thirteen churches and a church-going population of 5,000.

—There are 10,862 school districts, 62,372 teachers and 2,800,000 school children in Japan.

—If the mercies which come from God are so sweet, how sweet is God, from whom the mercies come.

—The still, sweet influence of a life of prayer quickens their hearts who never bow the knee.—Alice Carey.

—The missionary secretaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church have asked for $1,250,000 this year "from collections alone."

—The Drapers' Company of London has contributed £3,000 toward the cost of the new buildings for technical instruction in connection with the Nottingham University College.

—No man can lay himself under obligation to do wrong, even for his best friend. Pericles, being once desired by his friend to do so, excused himself, saying: "I am a friend only as far as the altar."

—The latest papers from Tonquin announce the arrival there of a portable cathedral. It was imported from the town of Kesub, and is of iron. It arrived in 834 packages, and is to be 180 feet long, 65 feet broad, and 50 feet high. It is said that a native convert is bearing the whole expense of the edifice.

—The Congregationalists are worthy of honor for the liberal support that they give to their ministry. Last year, with many churches not reporting, the expenditures under this head were $6,046,962. The average amount paid for the pastor's support is $1,047—the highest amount being that paid by the Broadway Tabernacle, of this city, to Dr. Wm. M. Taylor ($16,000).—N. Y. Examiner.

—Parents are apt to place great stress on money or a large property, and so little on education, the possession of which gives power, privilege, health, influence and happiness. Flames can not burn it, or floods wash it away. The constable can not levy upon it or the sheriff seize it. It is the only wealth that can not take to itself wings and fly from us. Why is it not more generally sought?—Prof. W. J. Beal.

—It is stated that Germany, acknowledged as having an unrivaled system of higher education, has, seemingly, no heart for the training of women beyond the elementary and normal school branches. While all the other nations of prominence in Europe, with the exception of Russia, have opened their universities to women, Germany has grudgingly granted them only the privileges of "visitors," not of matriculation, examination or admission to degrees.

—The great interests of one's existence may be really more safe when in prison than when in a palace, when lying on a pallet of straw than when sleeping in luxury on a bed of down, and when compelled to say, "Give us this day our daily bread" than when surrounded with the wealth of Cræsus. Outward conditions are not always the evils or the blessings that they often seem to be. Paul in prison was really a richer man than Cæsar on his throne.—N. Y. Independent.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

—It is not good for beauty to be a profession.—Julia Ward Howe.

—The homliest nose may point to Heaven.—Van Dorn's Magazine.

—There is a great deal of difference 'twixt an error of love, and the love of an error.

—People who borrow trouble never have to go very far to get it.—Ram's Horn.

—Every man is worth just as much as the things are worth about which he busies himself.—Antonius.

—A horse is a most sagacious animal, and never more so than in sizing up his driver.—Baltimore American.

—An Iowa man named his boy Twice, so that lightning wouldn't strike him in the same spot.—Texas Siftings.

—It often requires a quicker wit to keep still than it does to make a brilliant repartee.—Elmira Gazette.

—"It is an odd thing," said a parrot fancier, "that polly's syllables are generally monosyllables."—Harper's Bazar.

—The thimble has only been in use about two hundred years. Previous to that time a boy's head had to be thumped with something else.—Ram's Horn.

—When it becomes possible to tell a friend he has done well without telling him how he might have done better, then watch for the millennium.—Elmira Gazette.

—If the tree is known by its fruits, one of the impressions of the present season is that the peach tree stands a very poor chance for identification.—Baltimore American.

—Never meddle with a man who is minding his own business. Don't poke your finger into a bumble bee's nest because it looks quiet on the outside.—Van Dorn's Magazine.

—People have got to be shocked to wake them out of old absurd routine. Use paralyzes us to almost every injustice. When people are shocked they begin to think and inquire.—H. B. Stowe.

—The happiness that is quite understood at last becomes tiresome. To give it a zest we must have ups and downs. The difficulties which are usually mingled with love awaken passion and increase pleasure.

—It is said that no man ever made an impromptu speech with which he was entirely satisfied. The best way to make an impromptu speech, and not feel bad about it afterward, is to get somebody else to do it for you.—Ram's Horn.

—We may defer an act, but we can not defer a duty. The grammar of duty has no future tense. Deferring is not always procrastinating. It may be one's duty to defer, but it is never one's duty to procrastinate. Deferring calls for wisdom. A fool can procrastinate. "Some day" may be the right time, and again it may be no time. The man who promises to do a present duty some day is often told that "someday" may be too late. But some day always is too late for what duty demands now.—S. S. Times.